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Amber Lynn lived the perfect life, according to other people. She had the big house, white picket fence, two children, a rich husband and even her own great job. The only problem was that the one thing she didn't have was the most important thing of all - hot, steamy sex. Being married to the same man for twenty years wasn't exactly a recipe for success, neither was the fact that she was surrounded by young, hot guys and girls all day. Amber started out as an award-winning pianist but after she retired from playing professionally, she decided to start teaching piano from home. She certainly had the time, knowledge and space, so why not? At least it would give her something to do. One of her students - the hottest of them all- had been with her for two years and evey time he came over, it was all Amber could do to not jump on him. They sat close together for hours as she taught him how to use his hands on the keys and it was becoming too much for her. She couldn't deny her pussy any longer.













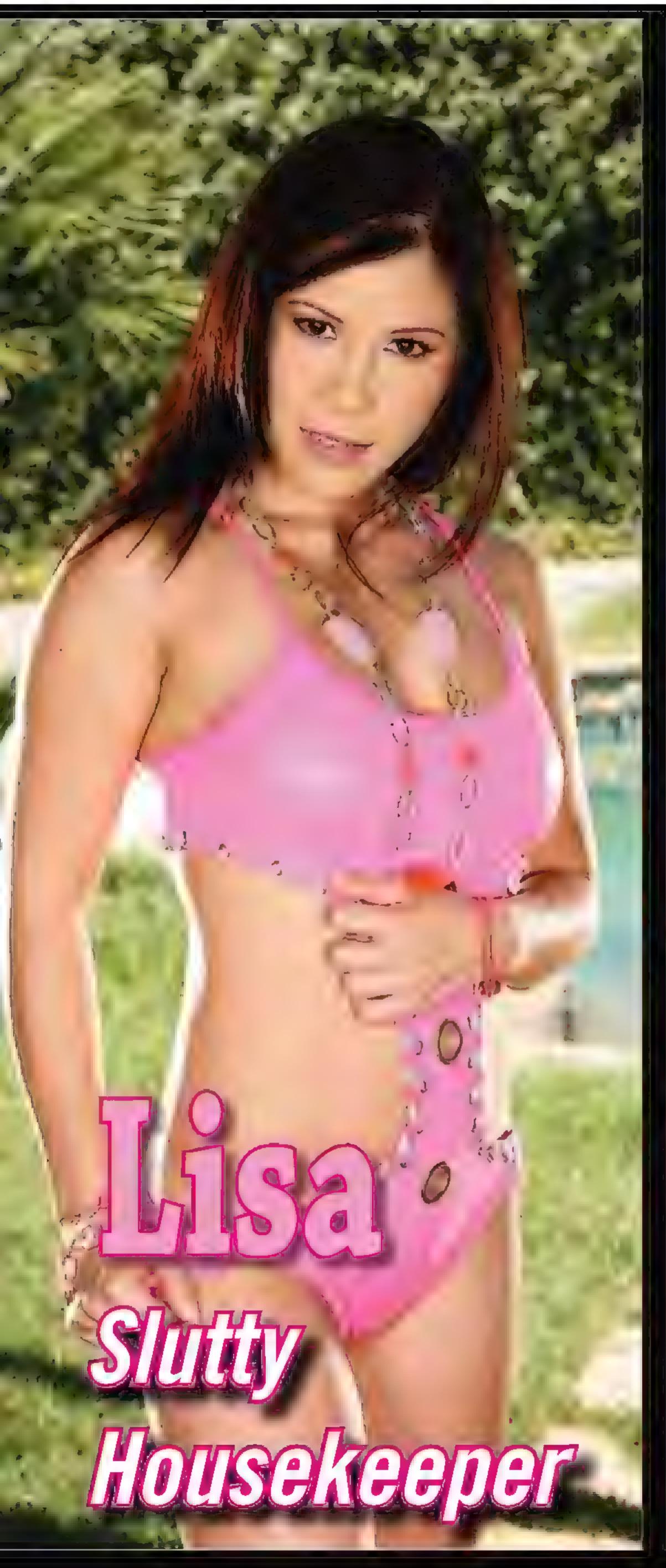


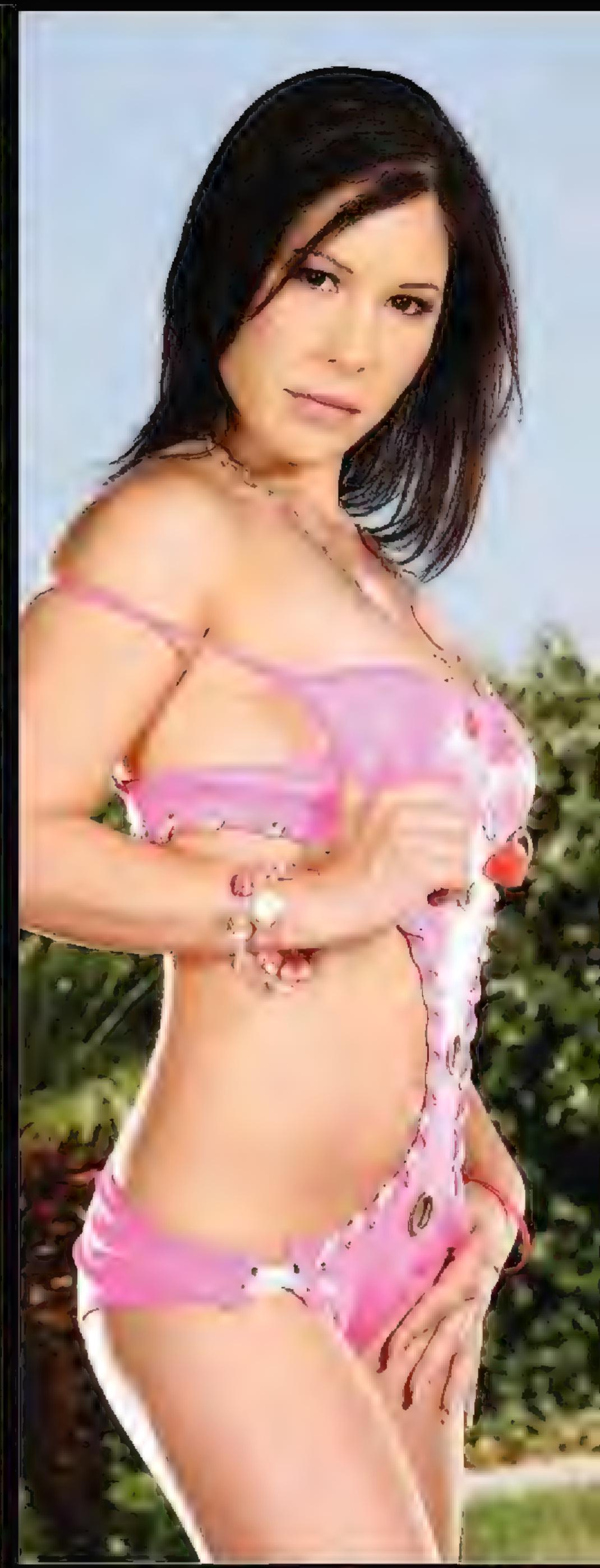










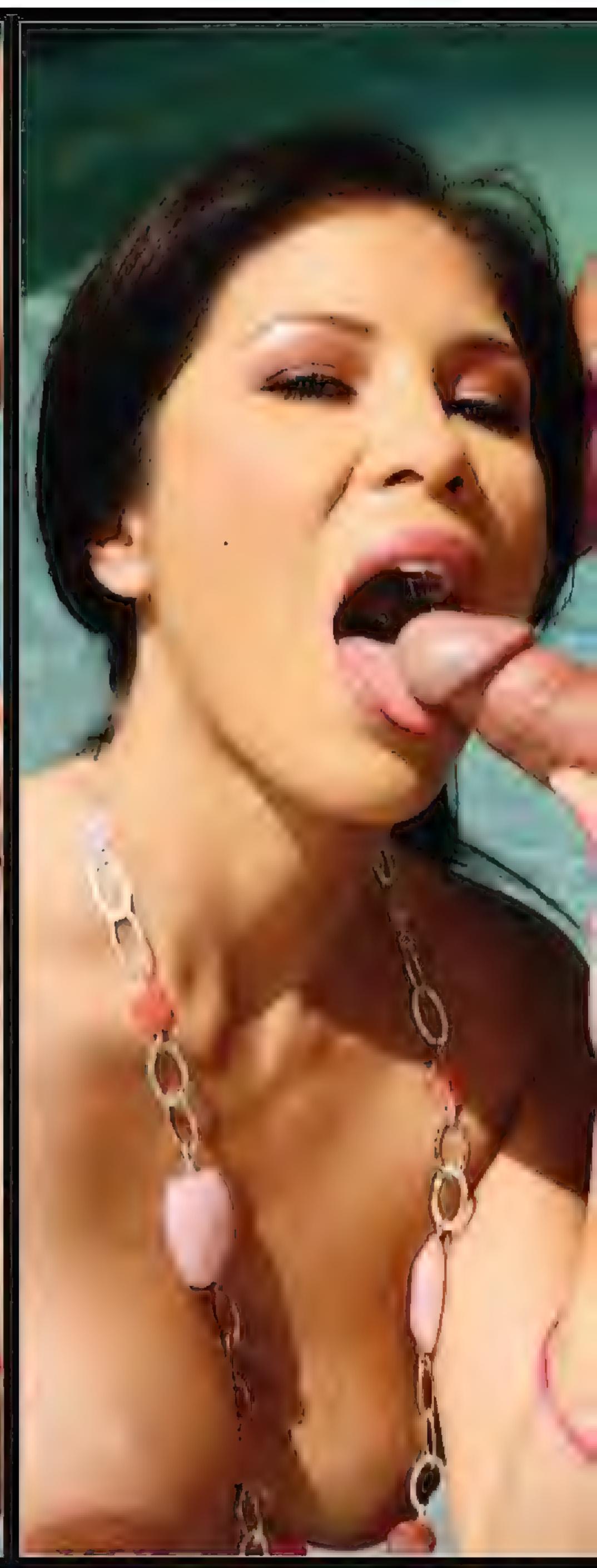






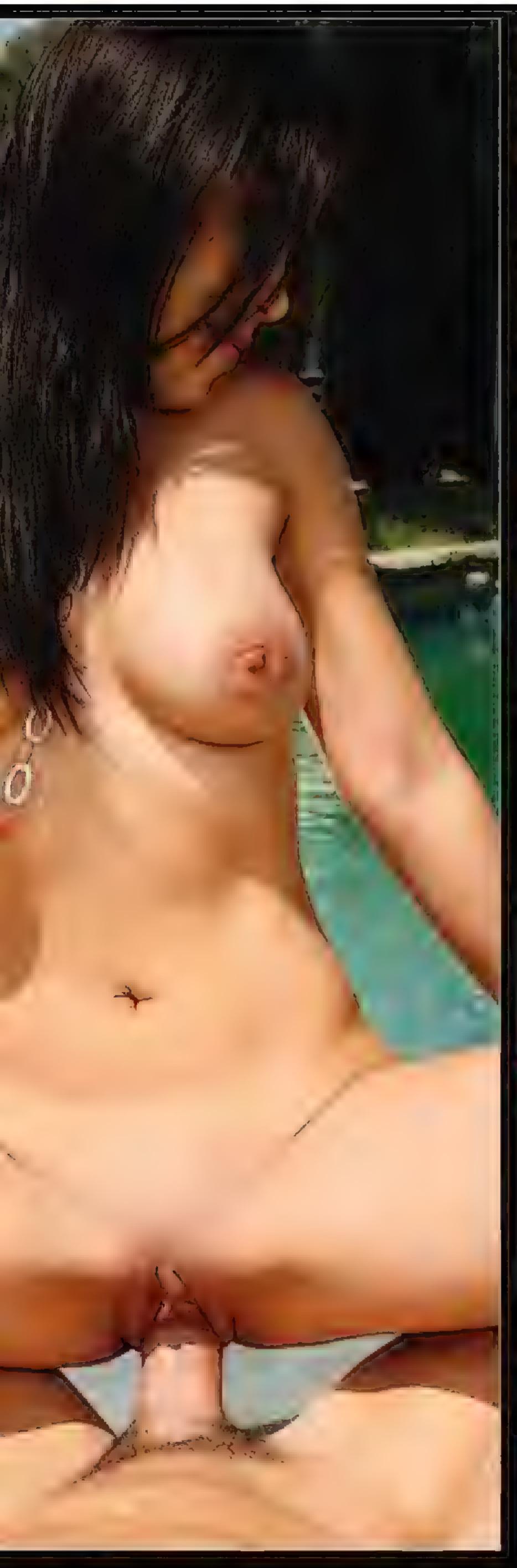














The feisty whore knew they shouldn't be fucking in public - her bosses could walk outside any second - but he was stretching her so well, she couldn't do anything but scream.





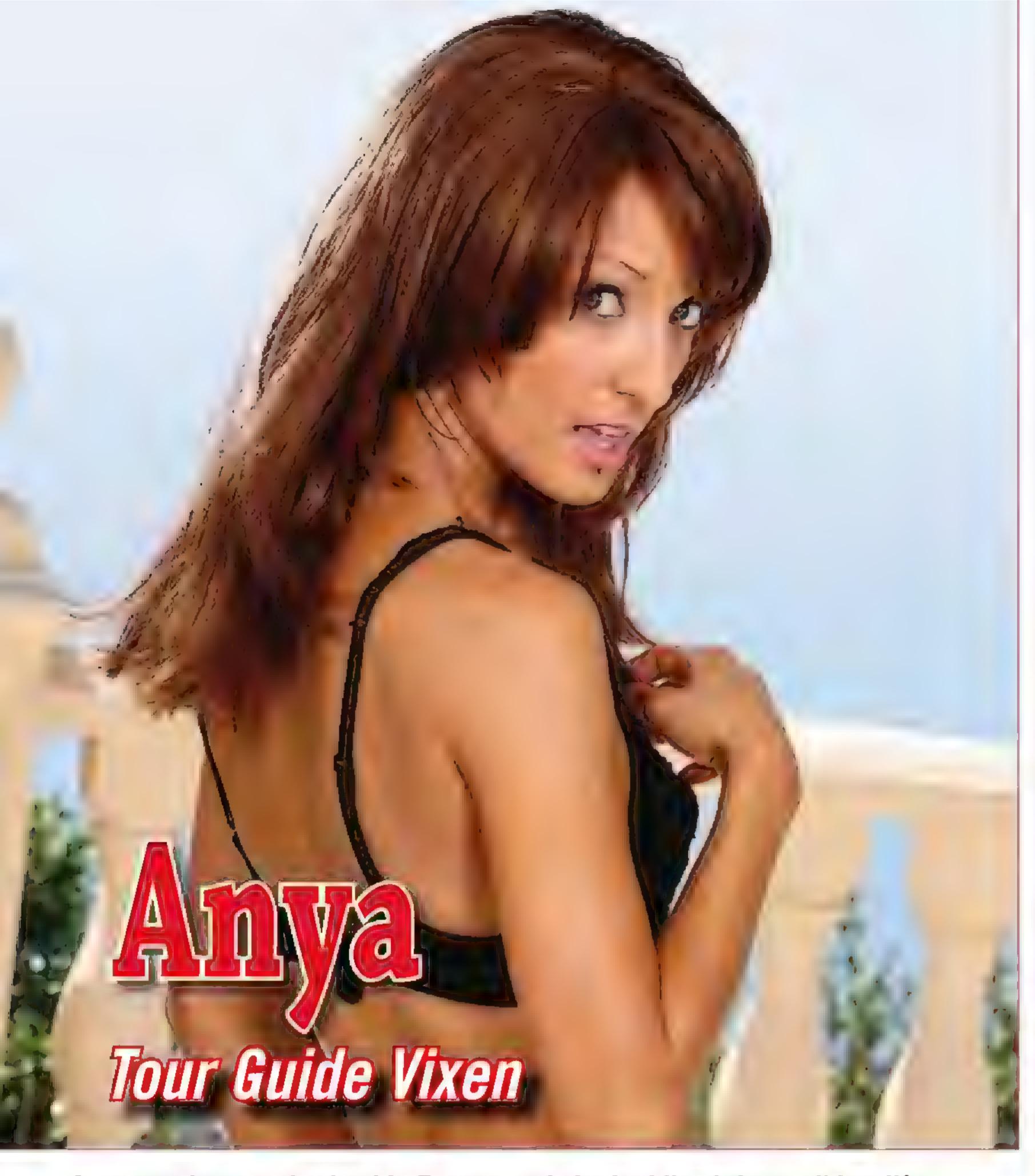








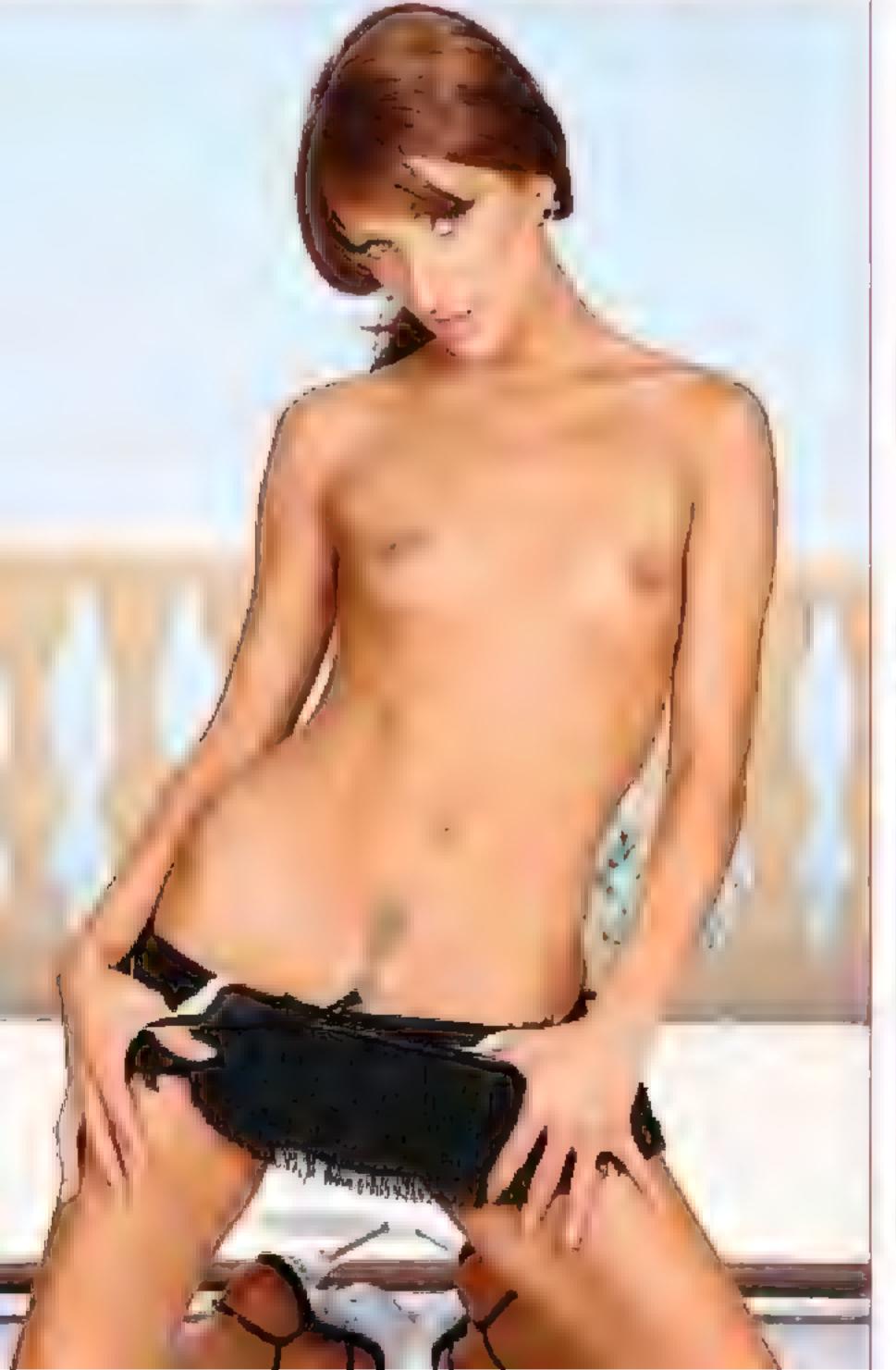




Anya was born and raised in France and she had lived there all her life. She loved her country and from a young age knew she wanted to work in the tourism industry. So, Anya learned everything there was to know and worked her way up to become one of the most popular private tour guides in the country. She didn't come cheap and her clientele included the richest of the richest, usually in France on business and with very little time to see as much as possible. Anya was used to being hit on - look at her! - but she was always 100% professional. Unless she was turned on by her client, that is. On more than a few occasions, Anya showed up at a guest's hotel and they never made it out the door, spending the night fucking like rabbits. She always carries a slutty outfit in her bag, just in case. When she showed up at American millionaire Mike's penthouse suite, she knew it was going to be one of those very special tour nights.



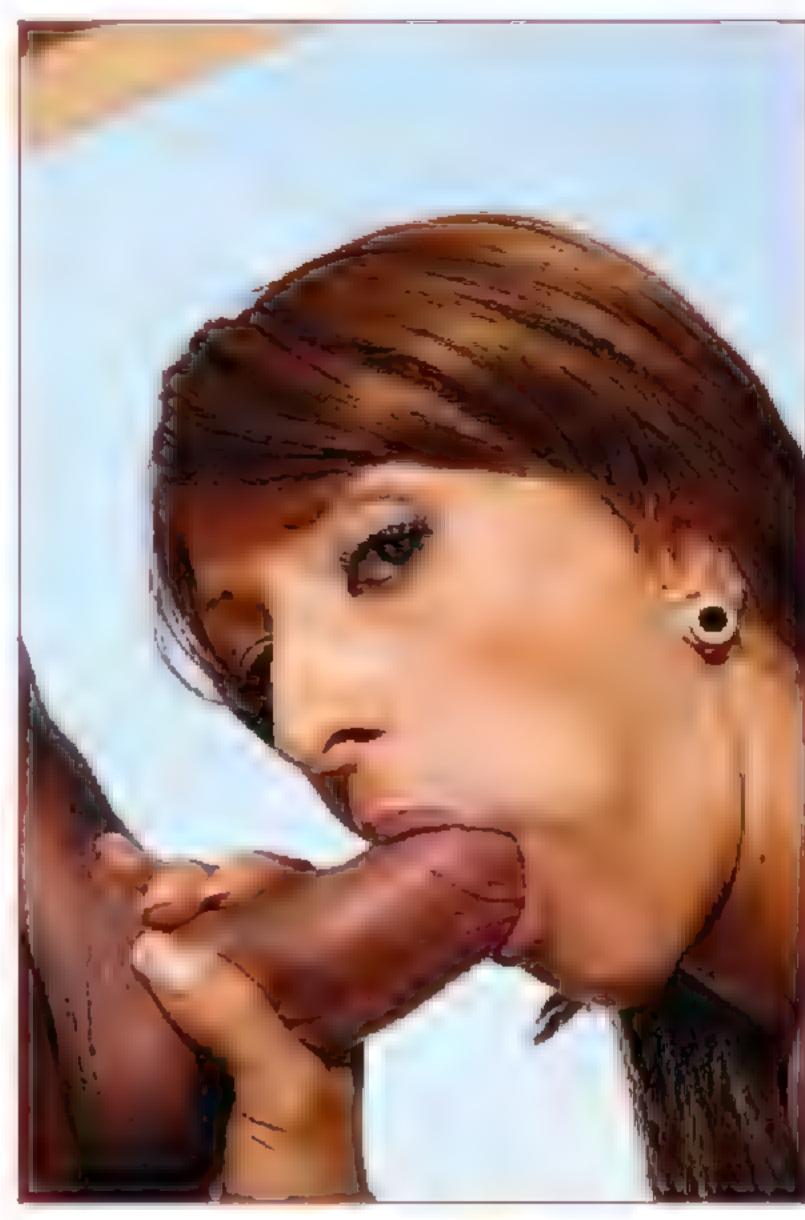












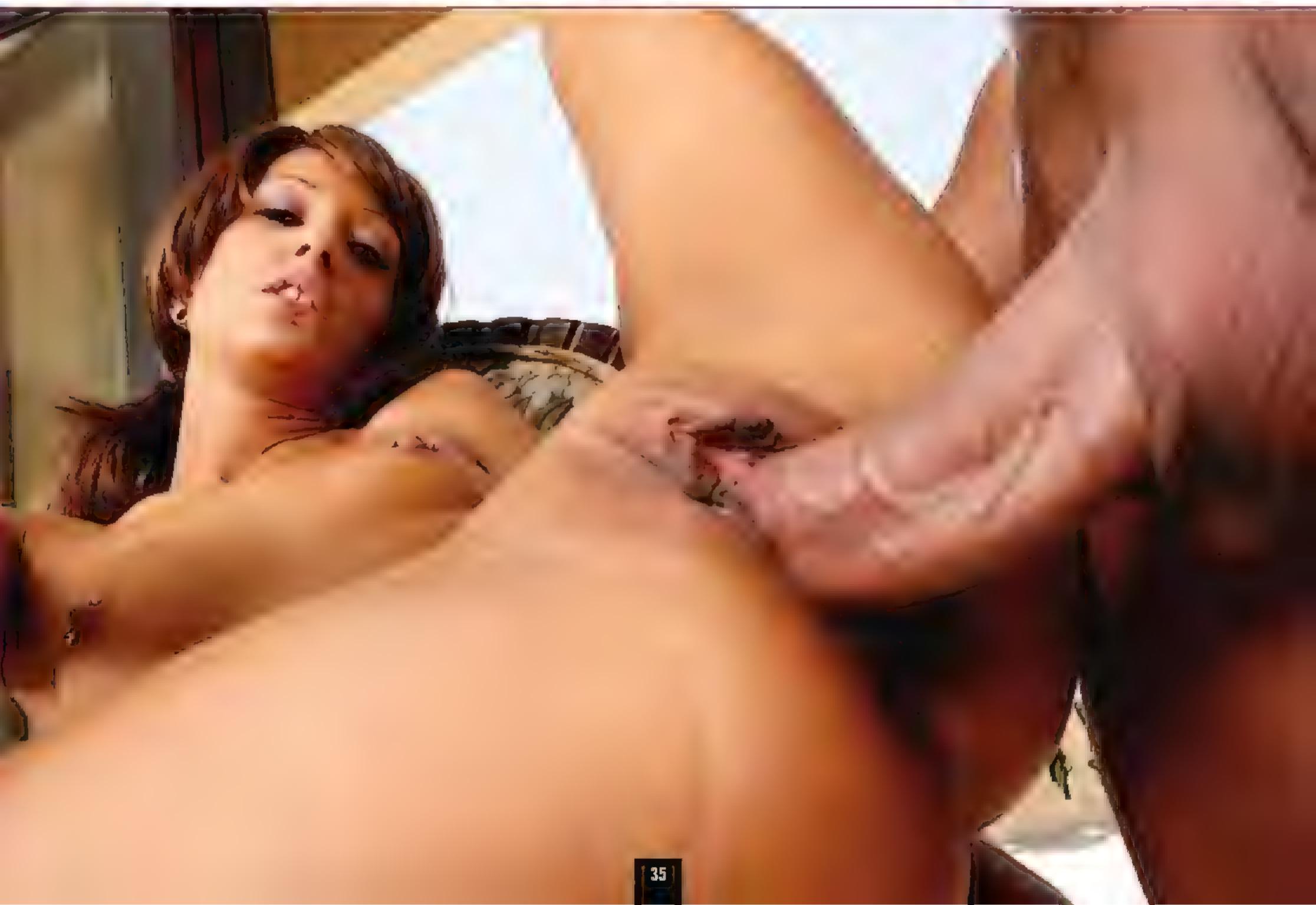






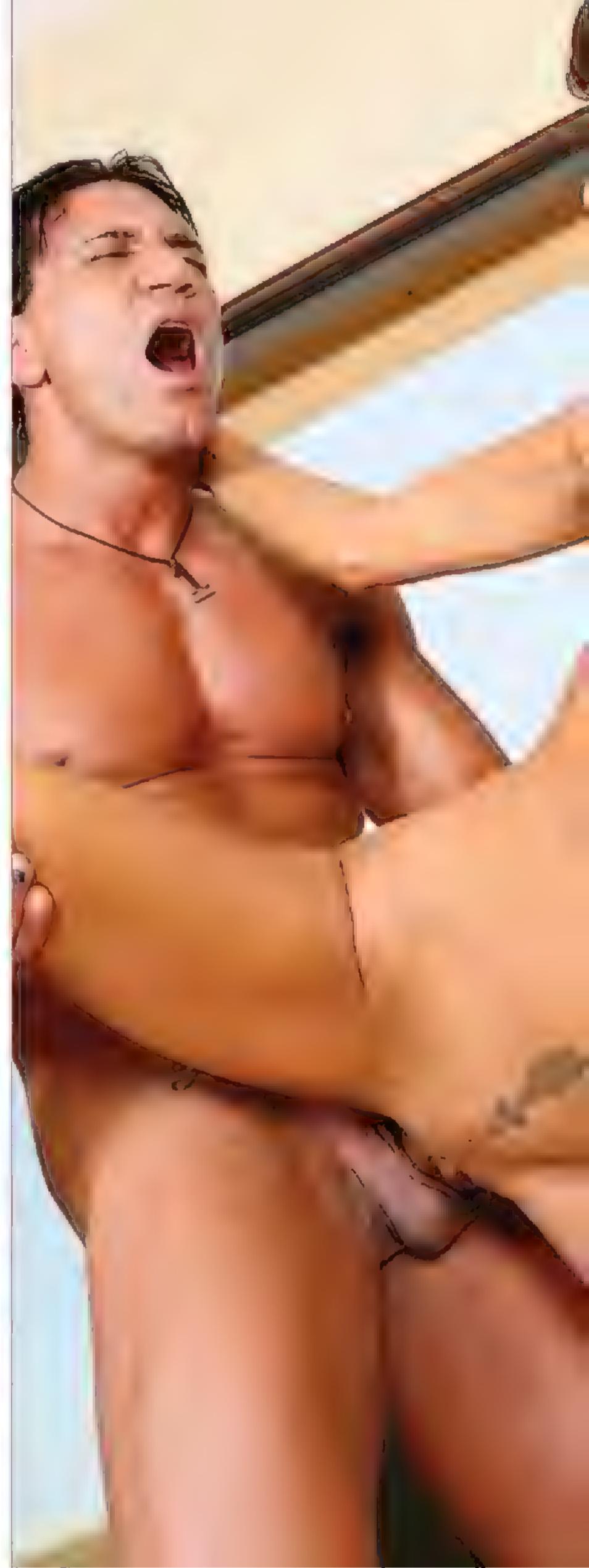








Tanya liked being manhandled and she drove herself to a screaming come that made her shake by making him pump her slit while pulling at her nipple piercings.











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I own a private beach on the Adriatic. It cost me several million euros, but I reckon it's been worth it. See, there's superb diving just off beach, but it's still in the bay — and I own access to the bay, so I control who comes in and goes out.

One day, a trio of men arrived with a woman — the woman, I now know, is married to one of the men, her name's Carlotta and she's Italian, with jet-black hair, piled up high on her head, and big breasts, largeish butt, nice thighs and is basically a 50-year-old you'd wanna fuck.

Anyway, the four arrived in their big rubber runabout at my jetty, which is where my security men get 'em to report. I strolled down, just wearing cut-off jeans and boat shoes. I'm 45, I'm tall, dark, slim and tanned. Oh, and filthy rich, but you knew that already.

"Hi boss," said the man who was obviously the leader of the group. He was about my age. "I'm told if we ask nicely you'll let us dive here."

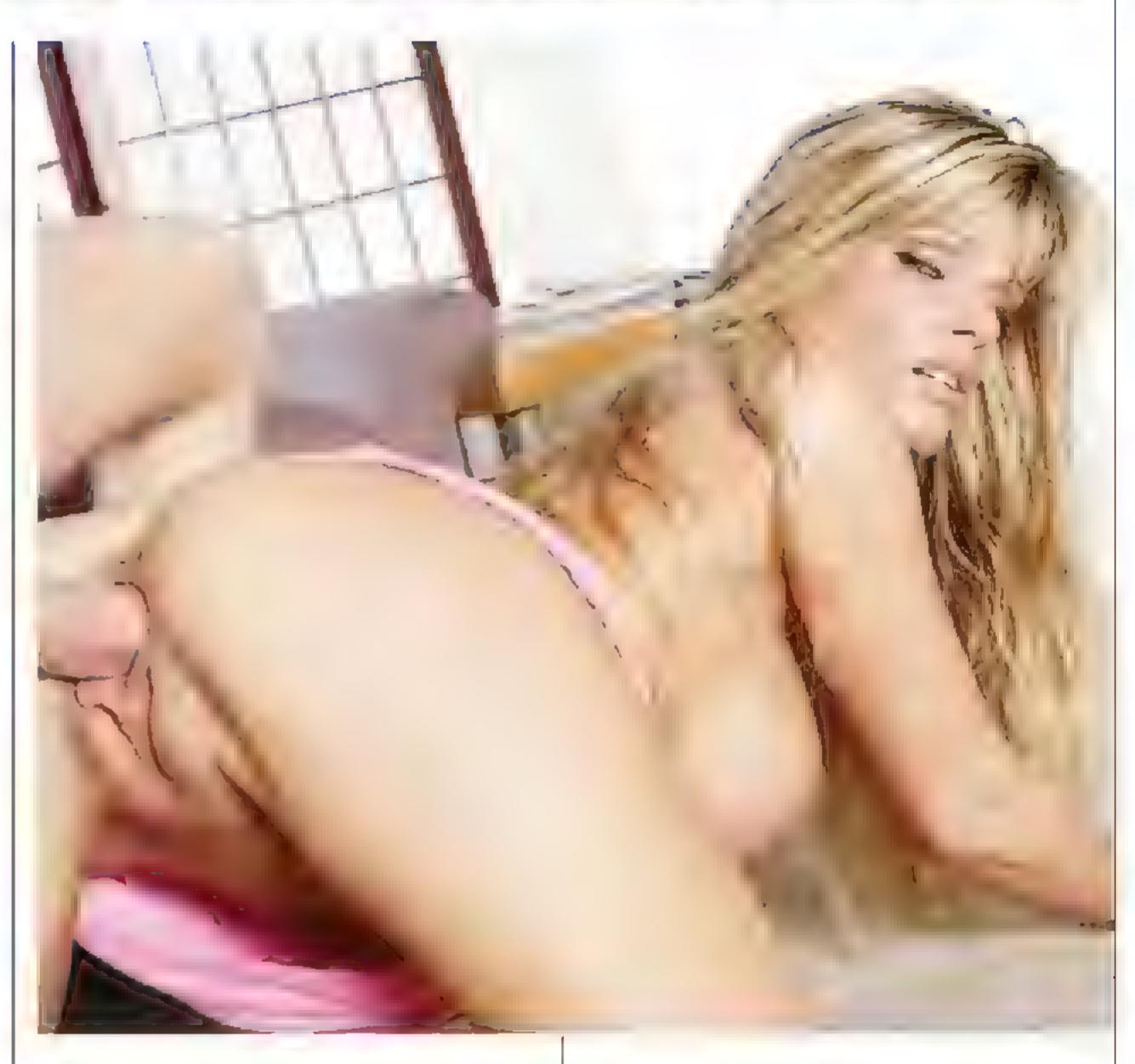
I looked them over. All well-built, all wearing wetsuits with knives on their belts, all with diving gear. Except the woman. She was in a shiny black bikini, and her body was oiled and looked slippery. I wanted to rub my cock all over it.

"Well, sure, but what's in it for me?" I asked, not looking at the man, but the woman.

He grinned. "We can pay."

I shook my head. "I don't have any need of money," I told him. "But if you wanna go diving, you got anything I can go diving with?" And I kept my gaze on the woman — or, rather, her tits!

The man looked at her and grinned. "Well, Carlotta, what do'ya say? You want him to go diving with you?"



THE MILF THEY LEFT BEHIND

She looked up at me and I'll not boast, but I'm well-built – strong-muscled – and my cut-offs couldn't disguise the fact that I was stacked in the crotch department.

"He looks lika fun," she said, in a husky Italian-accented English. The man held out his hand to her and pulled her from their rubber dinghy and she stepped up onto the jetty. She was barefoot, but when she stood alongside me she was quite tall. And I could almost smell her musk!

"Carlotta's all yours, boss," laughed the man.
"We'll be diving for about an hour or two, so keep her occupied."

"If she keeps me occupied, perhaps I'll let you back again," I said, and held out a hand and took Carlotta back along the jetty towards the staircase up to my mansion. Her hand was strong, but warm. She gripped me firmly.

Up into the house, I showed her to the bedroom, watching her walk ahead of me, her shiny buttocks jouncing superbly. She stood by the bed and turned to face me.

"Fuck, Carlotta," I said, "it sure is hot. Mind if I step out of these cut-offs?" And without waiting for an answer, I pushed them to my ankles and kicked 'em away. I wasn't wearing

anything beneath them and my cock was sliding towards a nine-inch hard-on. Yeah — nine, and Carlotta could see the way it was growing.

Her eyes widened and she breathed out: "Wow, that's a bigga cock, I wanna suck it!"

I grinned. "Be my guest, but first, Carlotta, lose the bikini," I told her. She did. She was big, heavy breasts — but not saggy, no sir. Fully-blown they were wonderful big footballs of flesh, light chocolate brown from her tan. The nipples were as hard as pebbles, the areolae around 'em large, which I fuckin' like!

She next pushed down her panties and she shaved there, leaving a narrow, jet-black strip of pubic hair pointing to her pussy. There was a little scorpion tattoo on her lower left abdomen. But I was more interested in her mouth.

Carlotta was hot for my cock, too, with its purple, gleaming helmet, and she knelt and began to fellate me. Her tongue started on my heavy ball sac, lifting them slightly with her pink flesh, and then she went for broke, sucking my cock's head in deep and driving down on me. She'd sucked cock before — many, many times pefore!

But she was too good — I was in danger of cumming pretty damn quick, so I grabbed her lovely head of hair and pulled her back so she looked up at me with her big brown eyes. "Not so fast, Carlotta," I said. "Now it's my turn to do some muffing. On your back on the bed!"

She obeyed in an instant and I pressed my mouth against her lush labia, tasting her sweet juices, then licked into her cunt — sopping wet, my cock has that effect on a lot of women — and then I attacked her clitoris. She came quick, which was just as well because I was hot to get my cock in her again.

I drove myself deep into her lovely cunt, and she grabbed my buttocks and slapped 'em a few times as I was getting started.

"Thassa great cock," she told me, and I kissed her on the mouth, so she could taste her pussy on my lips.

"Glad you like it," I said. Then I started the



hump in earnest and soon, as I knew I was reaching cum time, I told her: "I'm ready to shoot, Carlotta. You wanna be a big girl and suck it all down?"

She nodded, immediately. She didn't wanna disappoint me, I guess.

"Good girl," I said. "There's gonna be quite a wad, but I'm sure you'll manage!"

I knelt up, my cock waving in her face, and she opened wide and swallowed me down. I was real keen on seeing how she'd take it, but she was a fuckin' trouper — she sucked and swallowed like it was no big deal.

About half an hour later, I was ready for a repeat performance, and this time I pumped my

jizz into her vagina. Then, I realized I wanted her for more than a two-hour fuck session.

"They'll be back soon," I said, checking my Omega Seamaster. "You wanna stay a while — I mean, a few days, I like fuckin' you Carlotta."

She kissed me. "Tell 'em you'll get me back to the hotel the day after tomorrow," she said. "Tell 'em something came up."

Nine inches of cock – gets 'em every time!

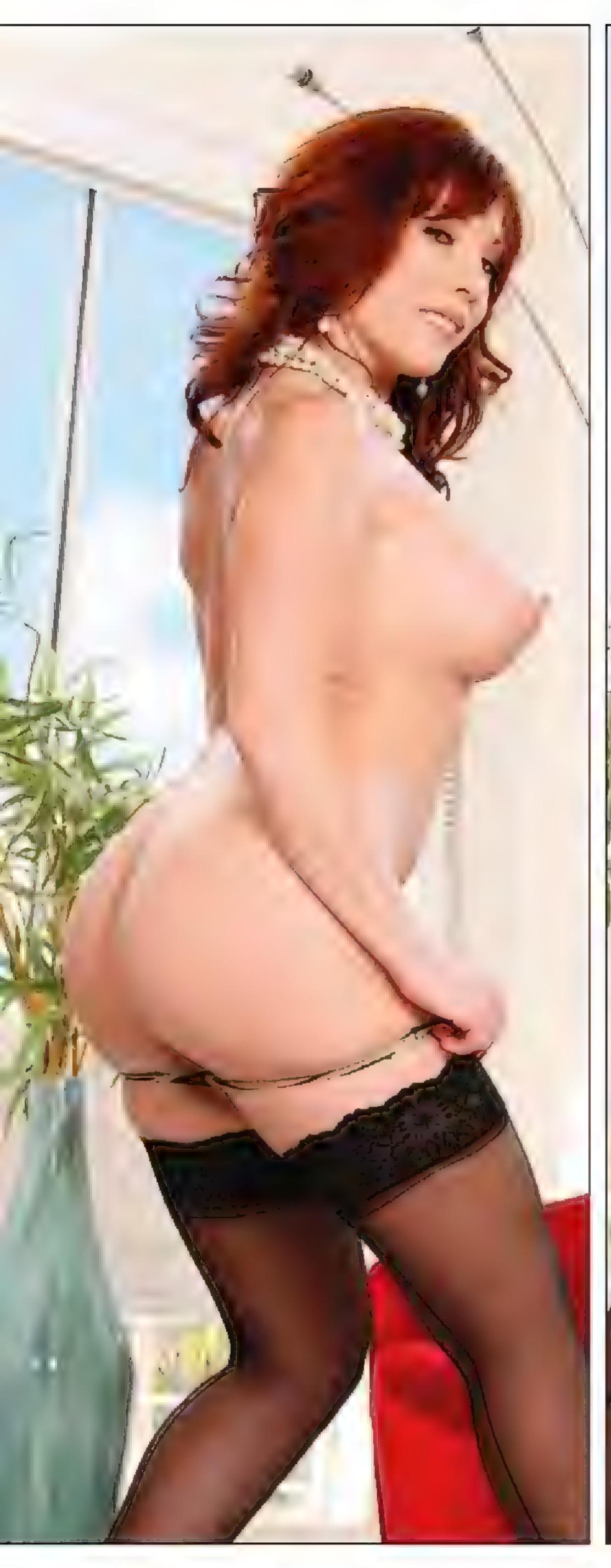
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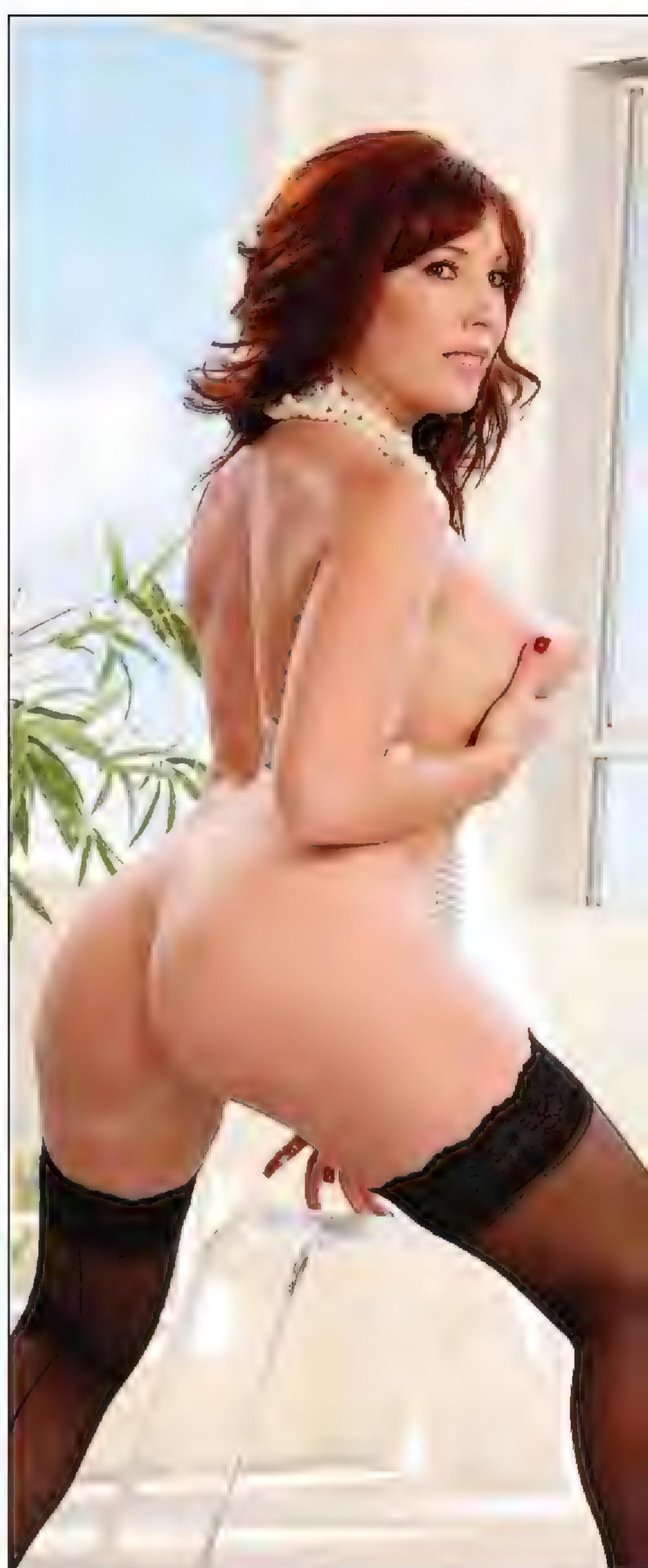


Brittany had been the hottest plus-size model around until younger versions of her began causing major hype on the modeling scene a few months back. She thought her experience and ability to make love to the camera would be enough to keep competitors at bay, but lately that just didn't seem to be true. Not one to be outdone, Brittany refused to back down and retire on principle. She knew she was still smoking hot and she could work the camera like no other. Her ad campaigns led to sales and she wasn't going to be pushed away by some young sluts. When her agent booked her for a lingerie shoot for one of the industry's biggest companies and she found out she was going to be shot by one of the most in demand photogrsaphers of the moment, she knew that it was her last real shot to win back her stardom and she planned on taking advantage of the moment to the max.







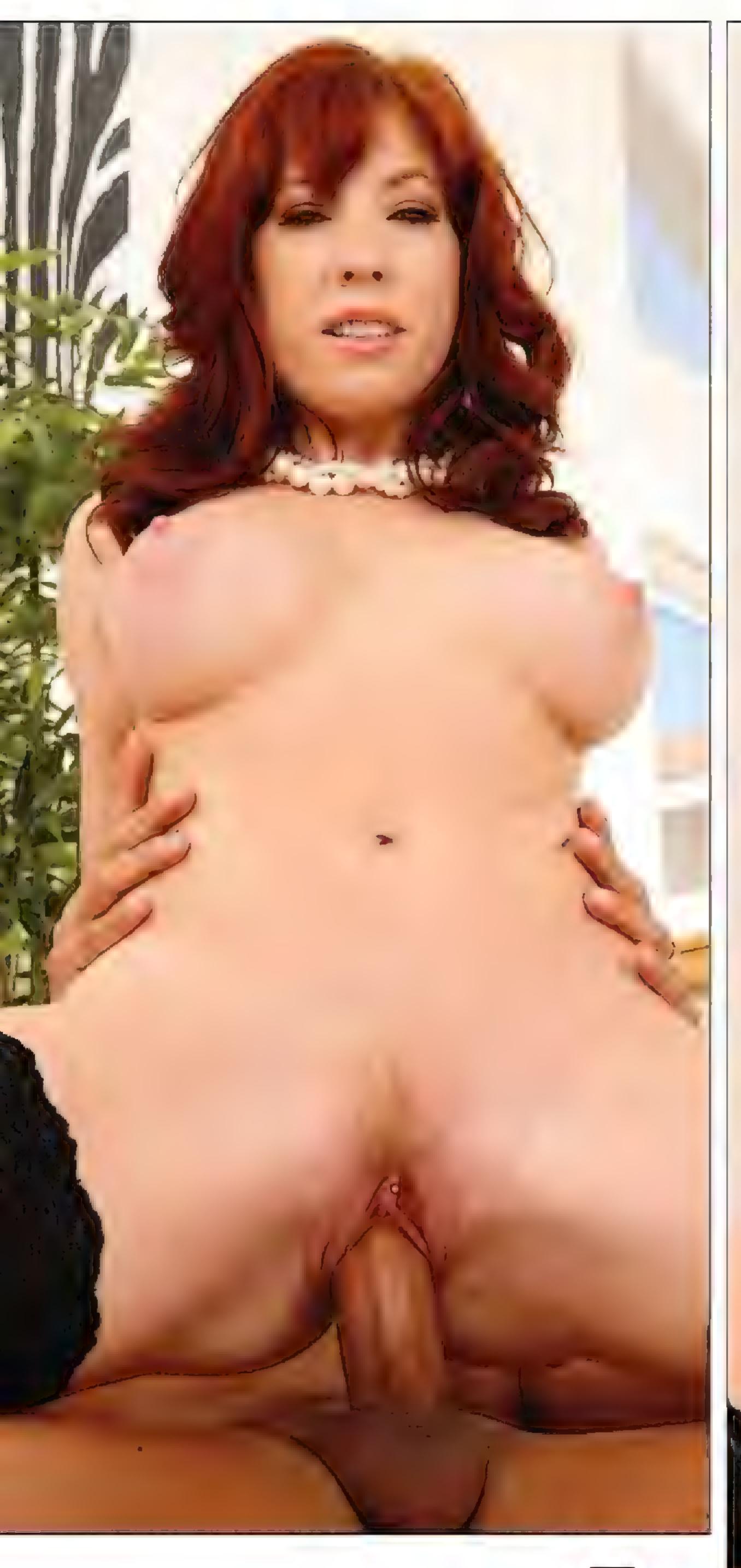




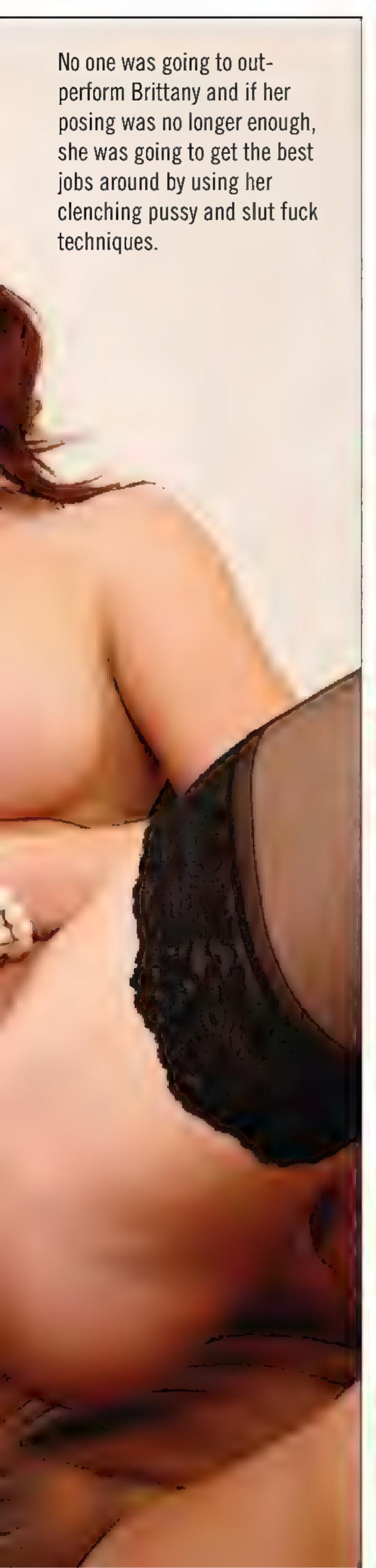














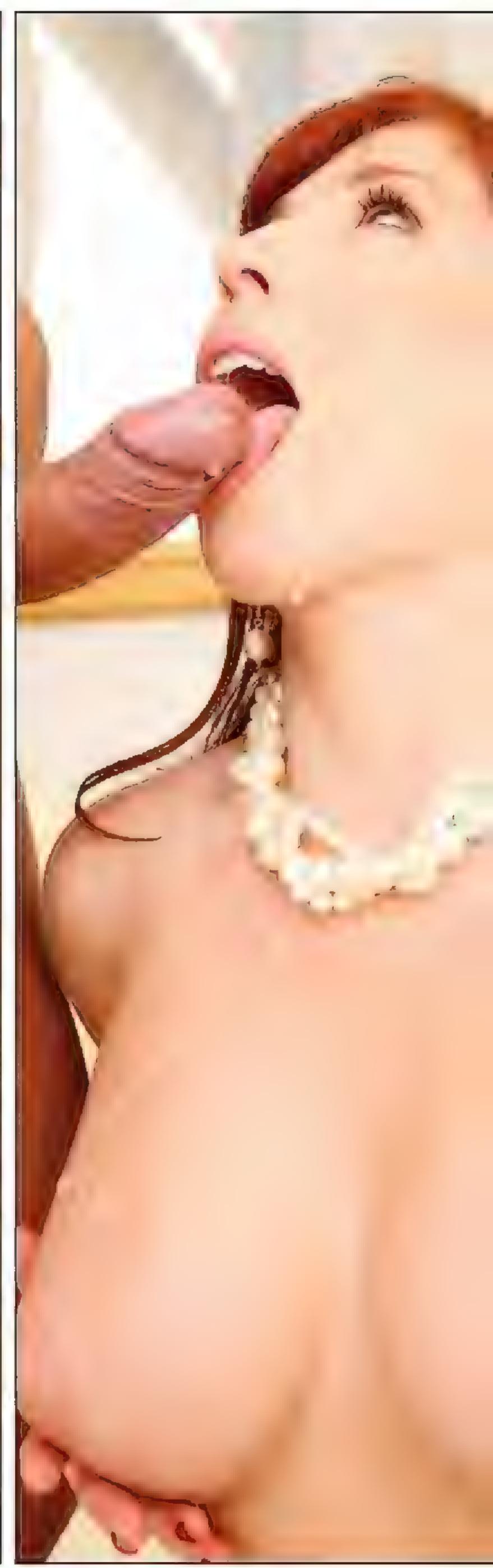


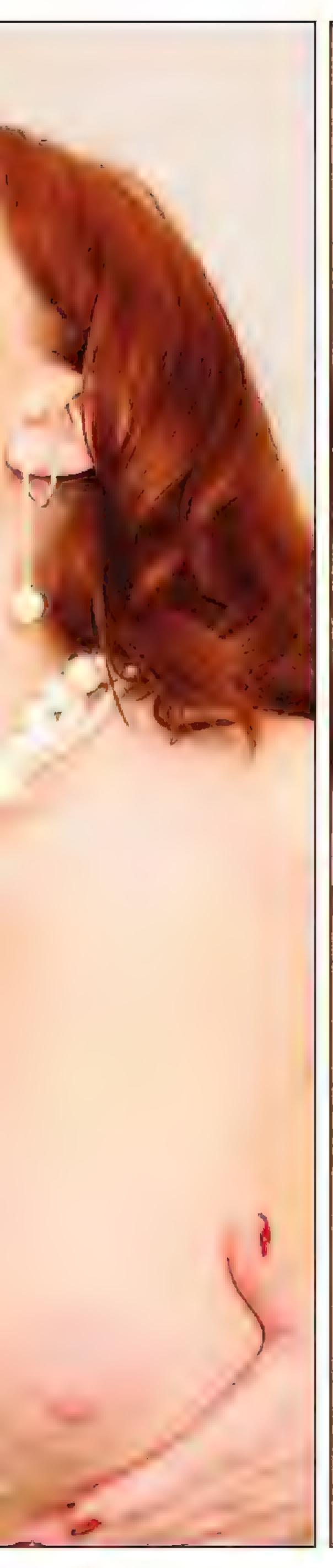




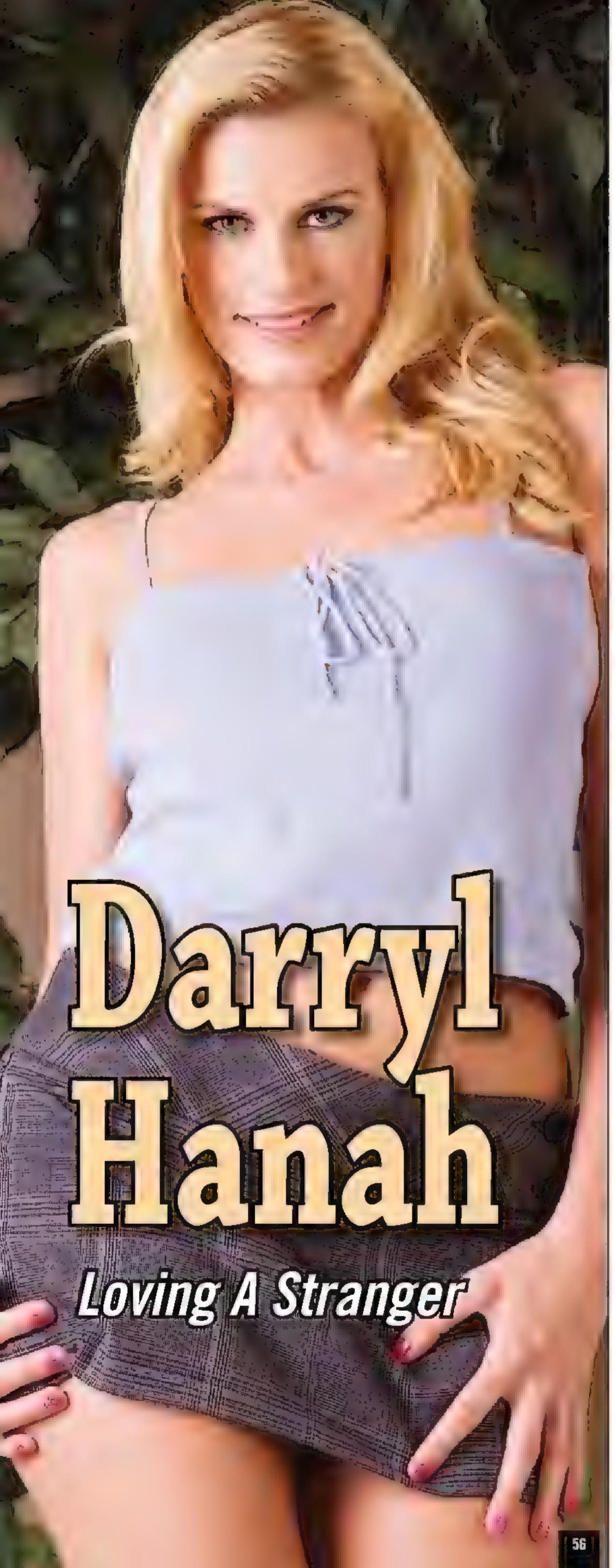












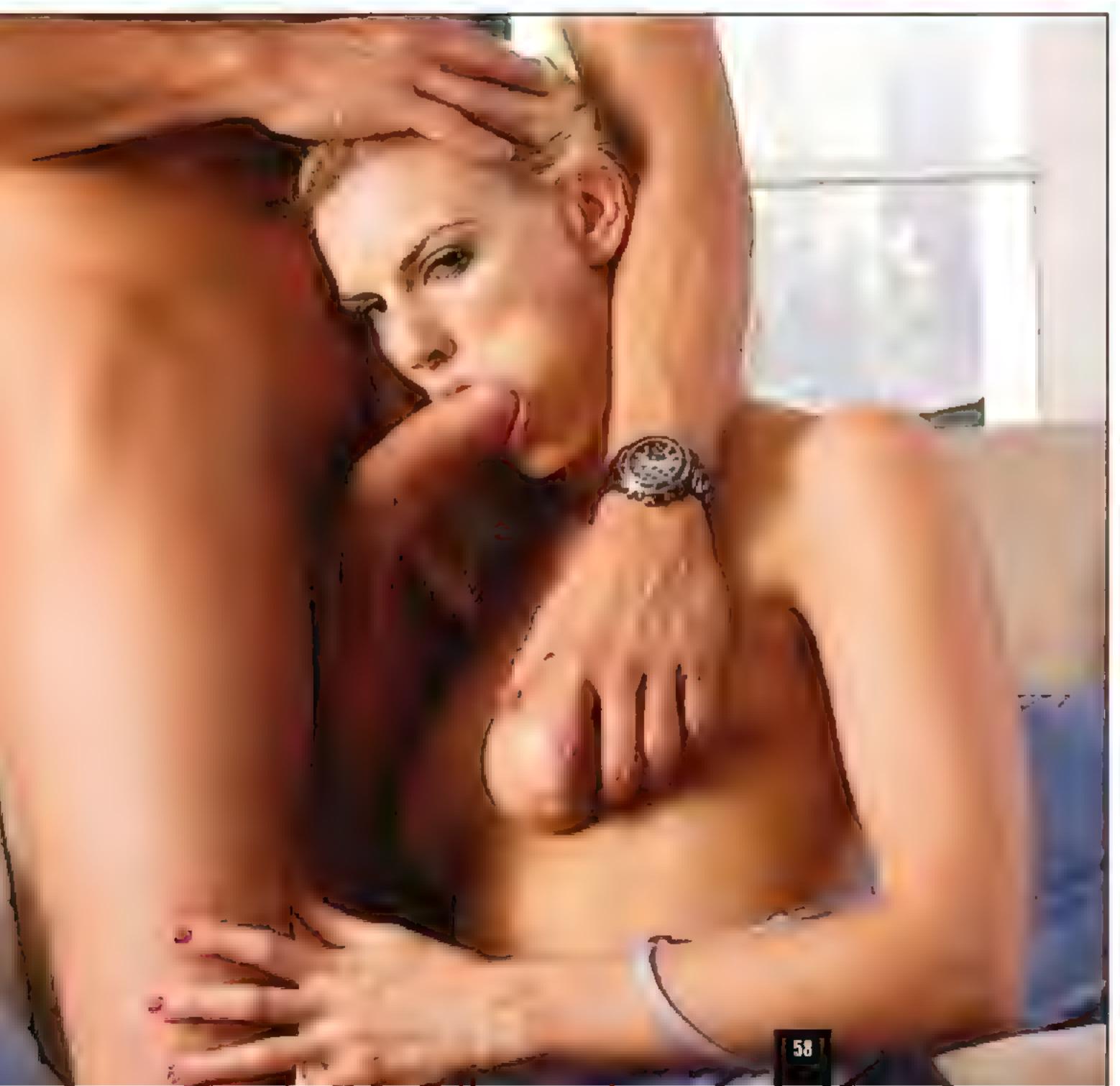








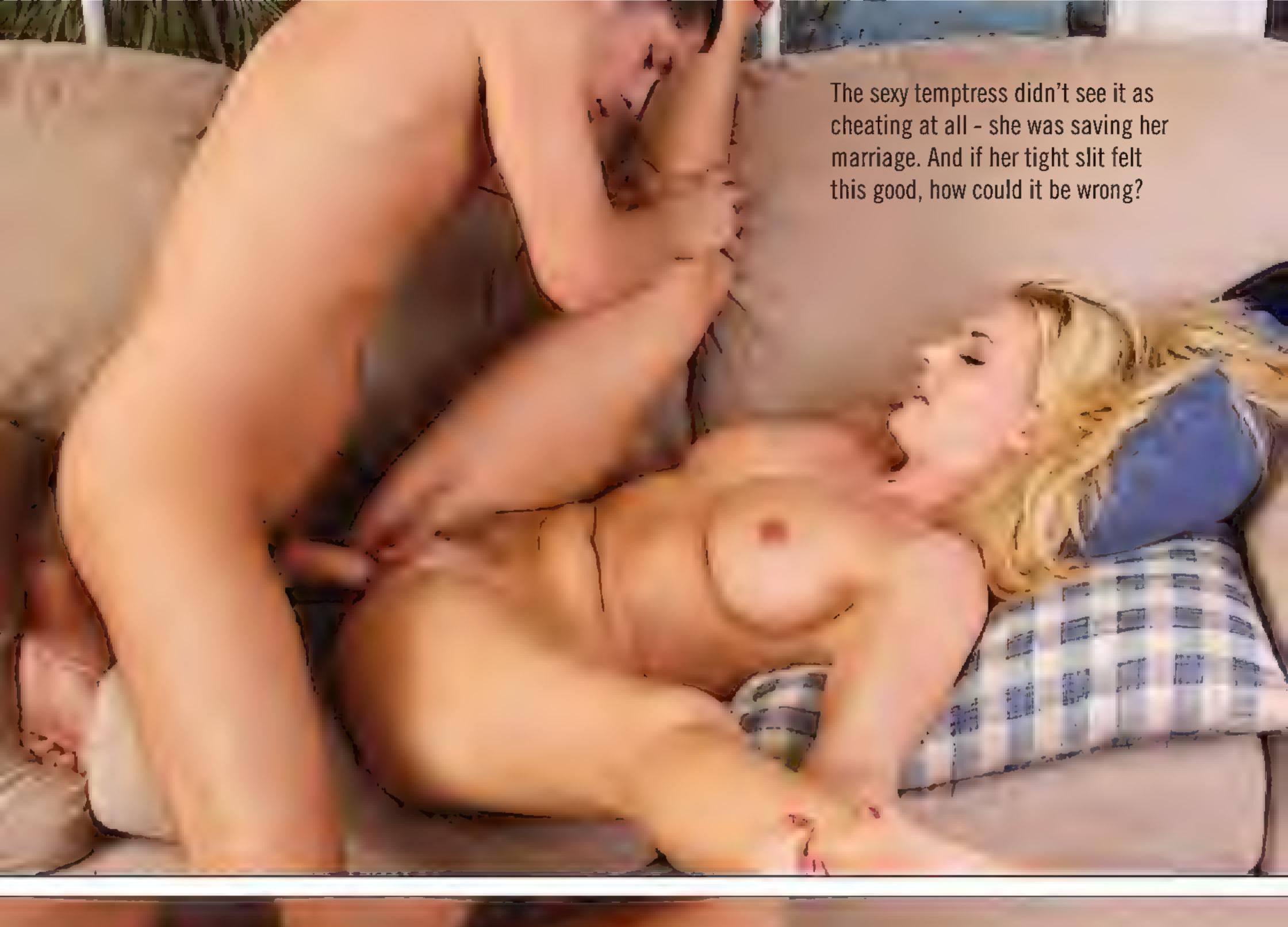


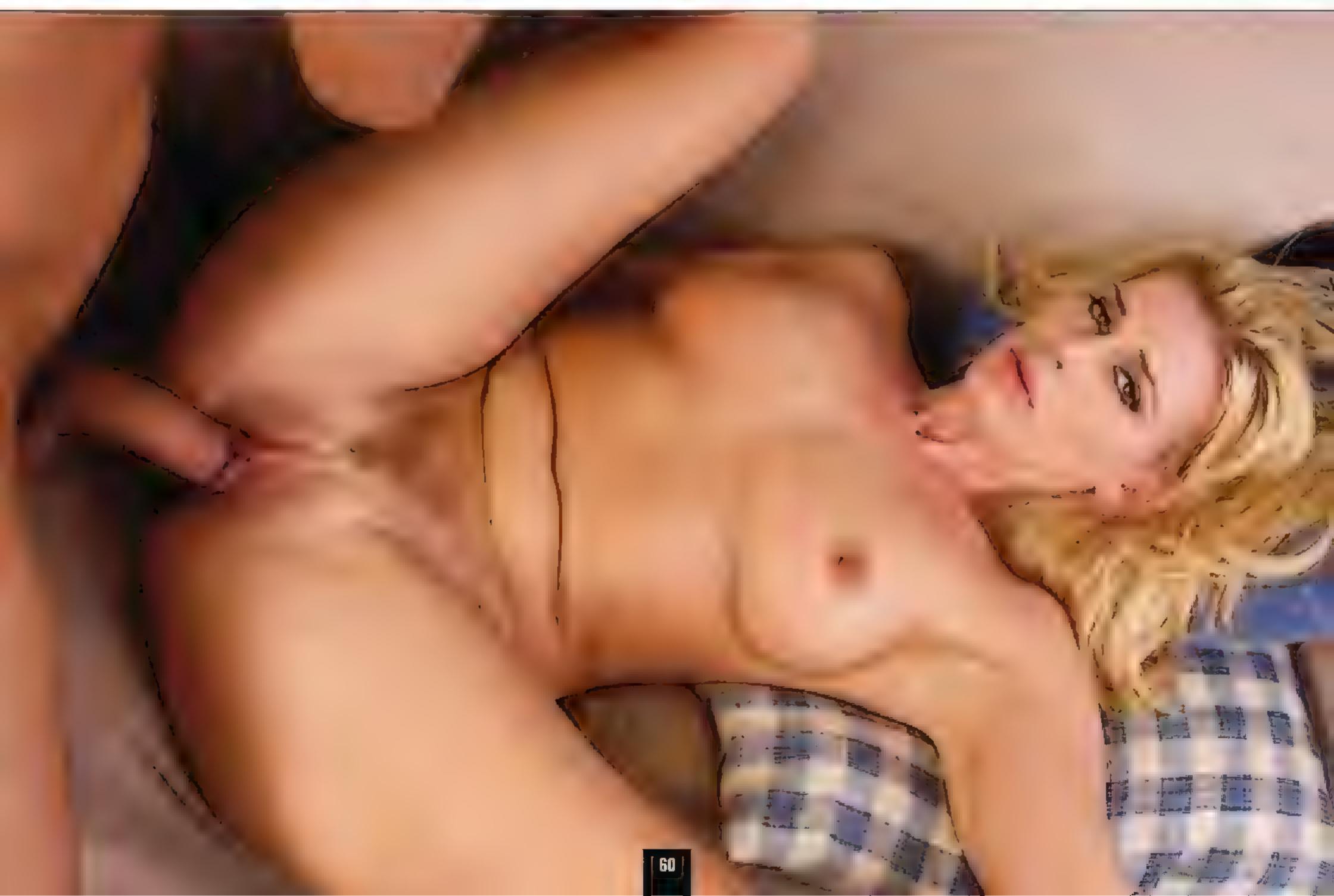
































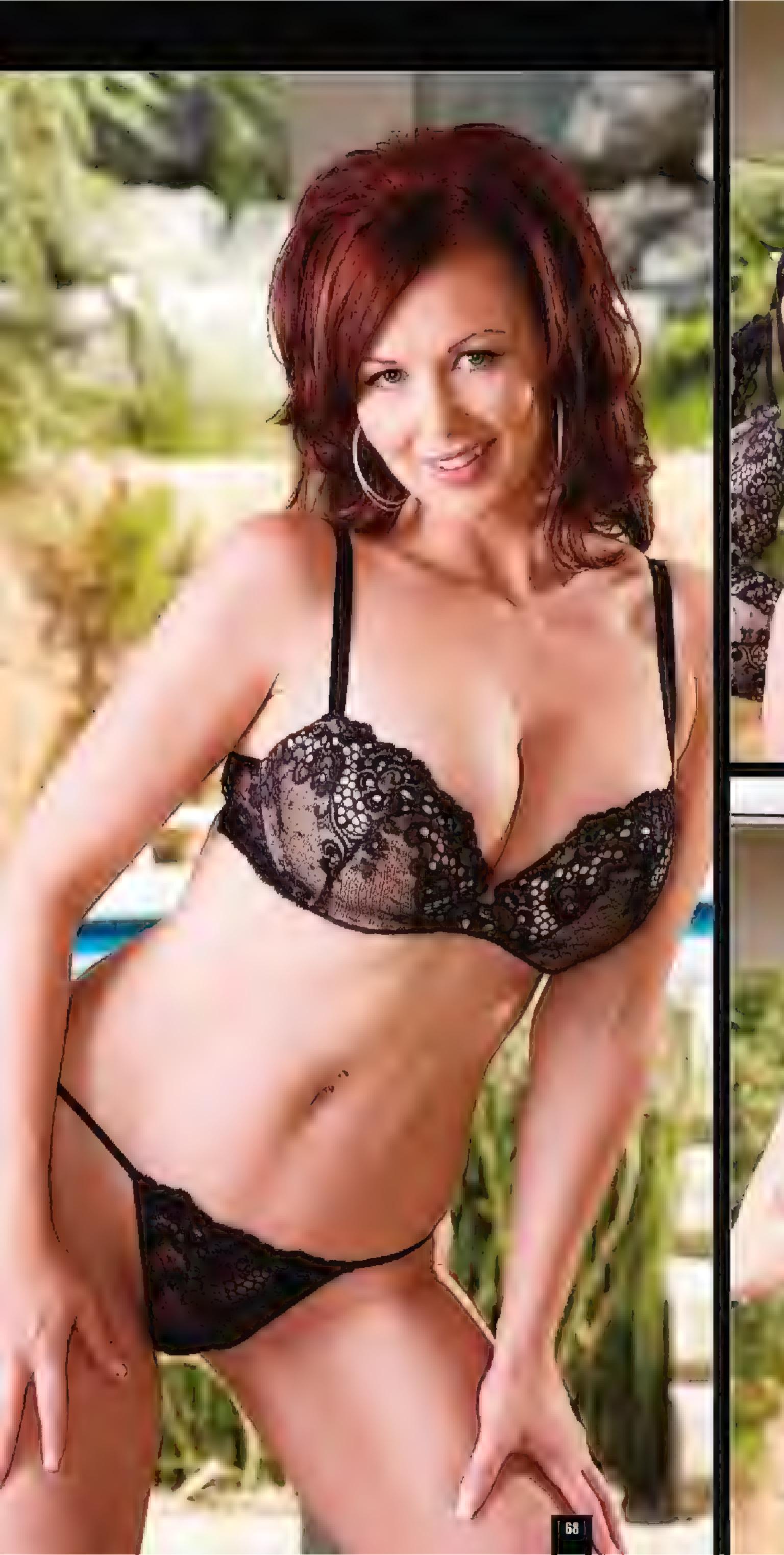


Felony did okay for herself, but in the game of life, she wasn't winning. At least, not by her standards. When she got pregnant by a one-night stand in college, she was forced to drop out of school and find work. She had always planned to go back and finish her degree so she could get a 'real' job, but somehow that never happened. Her child became her priority and she stopped caring about everything else. When her daughter moved out, Felony found herself all alone once again. Still working as a waitress at the same local diner she had started at all those years ago, Felony couldn't help but feel depressed. The only bright spot in her life was one of her regular customers who always managed to make her smile. It didn't hurt that he made her wet either. Maybe he was the answer to all of her problems?



























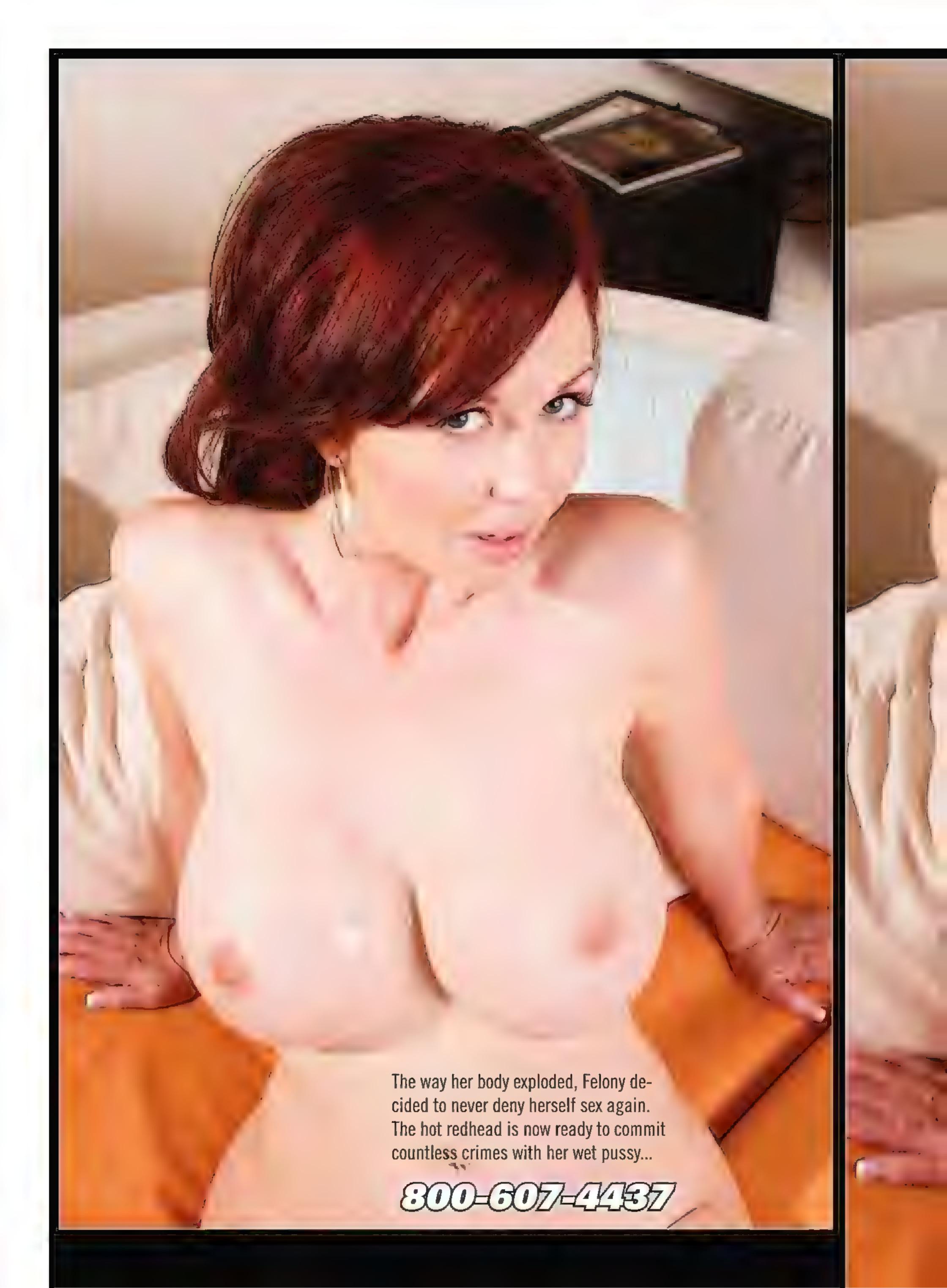








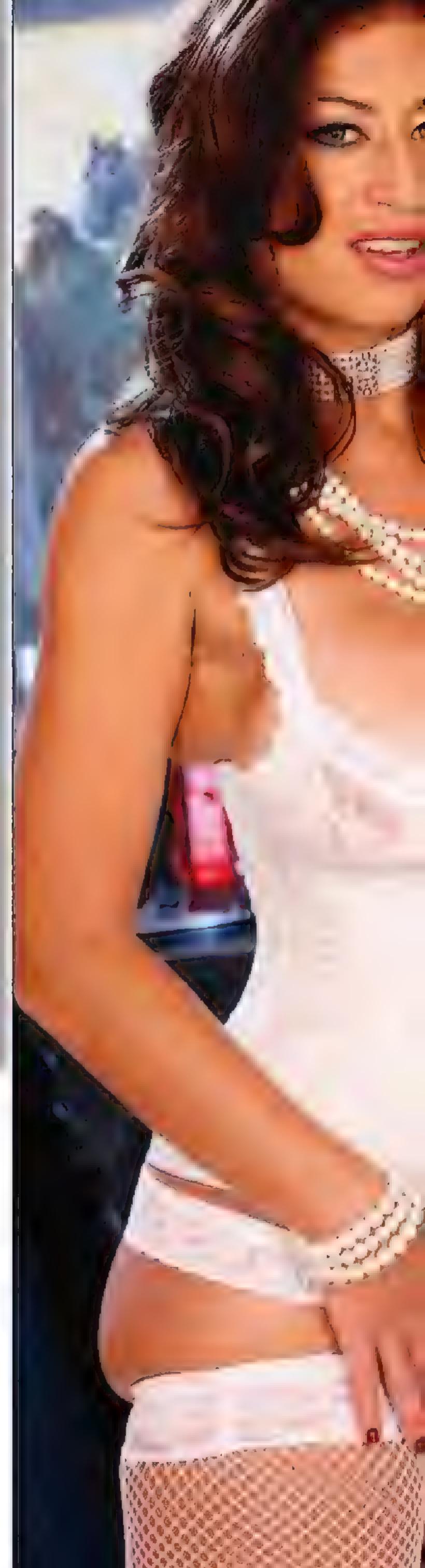


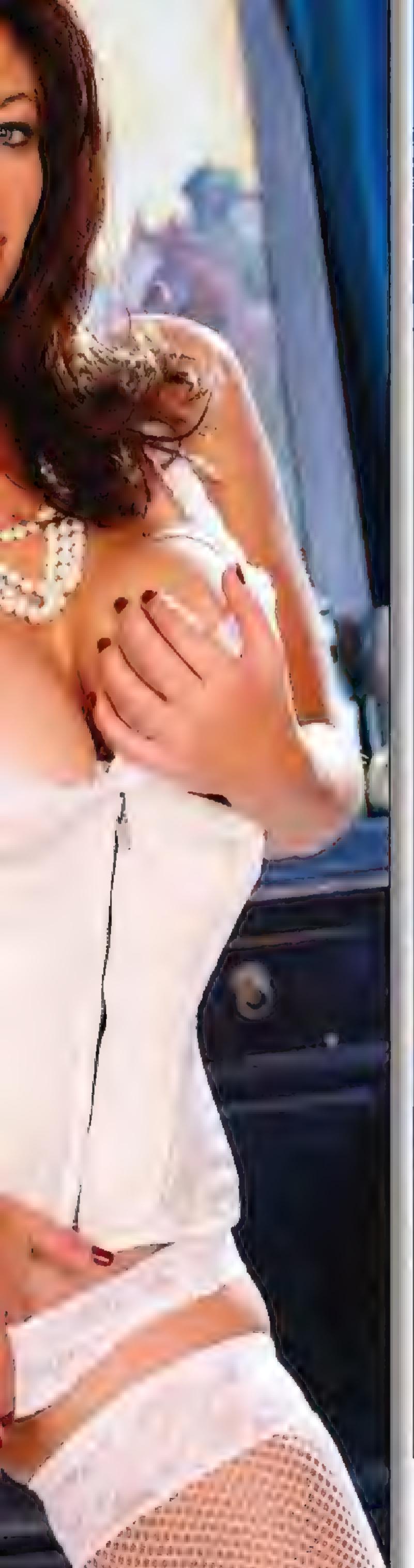






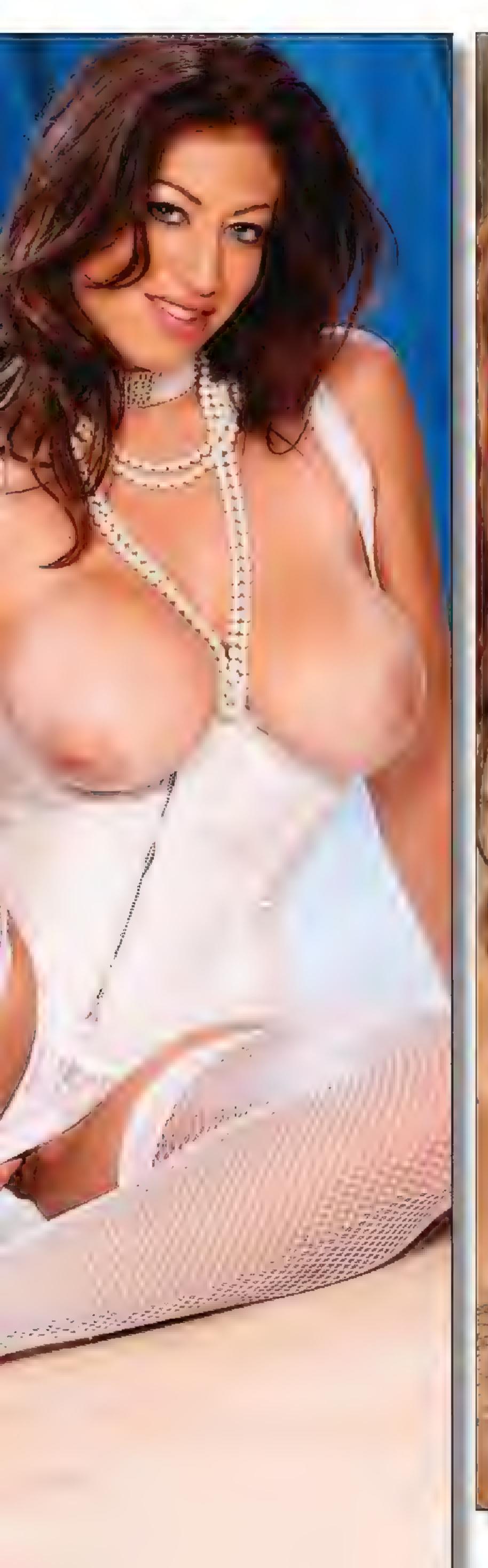
Lucky had always had a thing for role playing. Whether it was a Halloween party or just another steamy night in her bedroom, the hot Latina was all about putting on a sleazy outfit and pretending to be someone she wasn't. Her husband never liked any of her antics in the sack, but she didn't care. It made her so horny and she came more than ever when there was acting involved and she wasn't going to deny herself any pleasure. One night, she decided it was time to unleash her favorite character again - she was going to be a high-class escort. Seeing her hot body in the mirror, she had to get a head start and touch herself, but just as she had hoped, the door began to open as her moans got louder and louder. What she didn't expect was the man who entered.





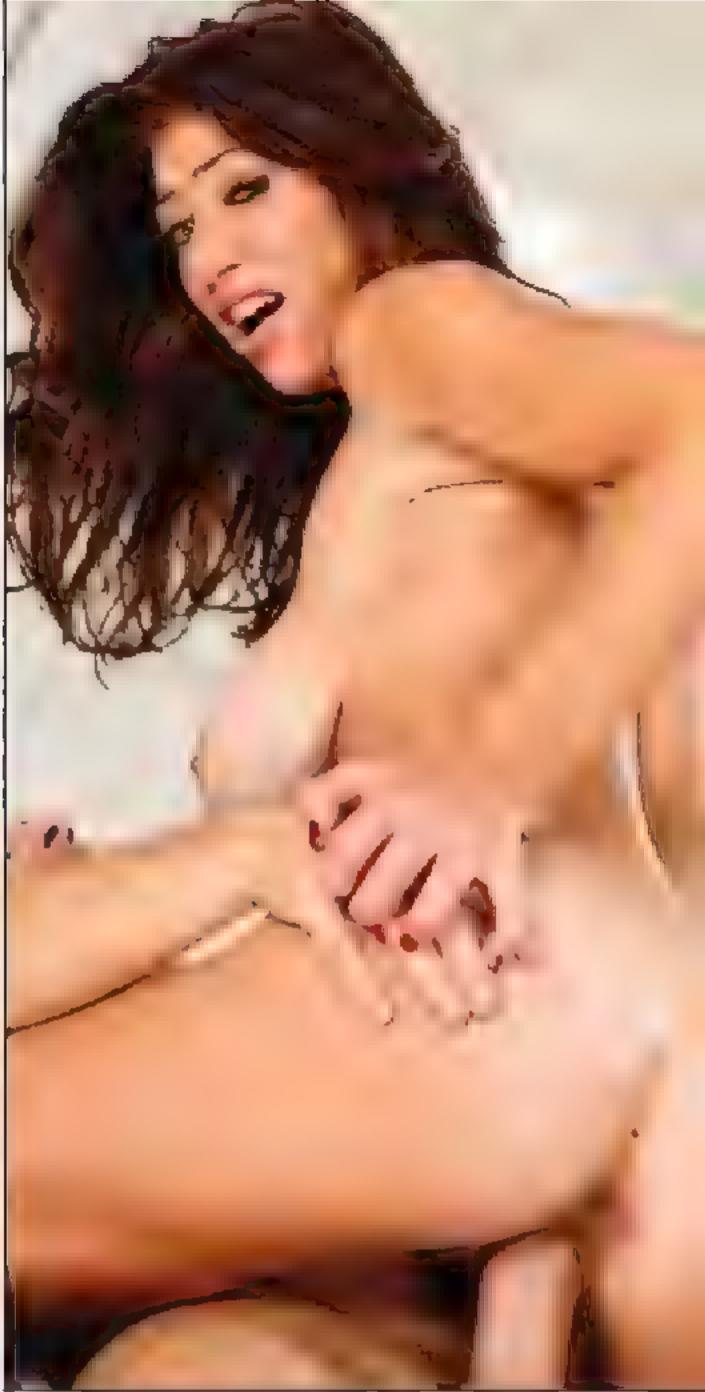


































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They announced that the fuckin' flight to Denver was cancelled due to a mechanical failure. It would be ready at 8am the next day.

The tall, busty, leggy blonde I'd been chatting to in the departure lounge looked at me and said: "What the fuck do you in this joint when your flight's fucked?"

I grinned and looked at her large-lipped mouth. "Well," I ventured, "one thing springs to mind."

She looked at me — I was wearing an Armani suit, snappy tie and expensive Italian hand-made shoes — and must have thought it wasn't a bad idea. "You're on," she said, "let's talk to the clerk."

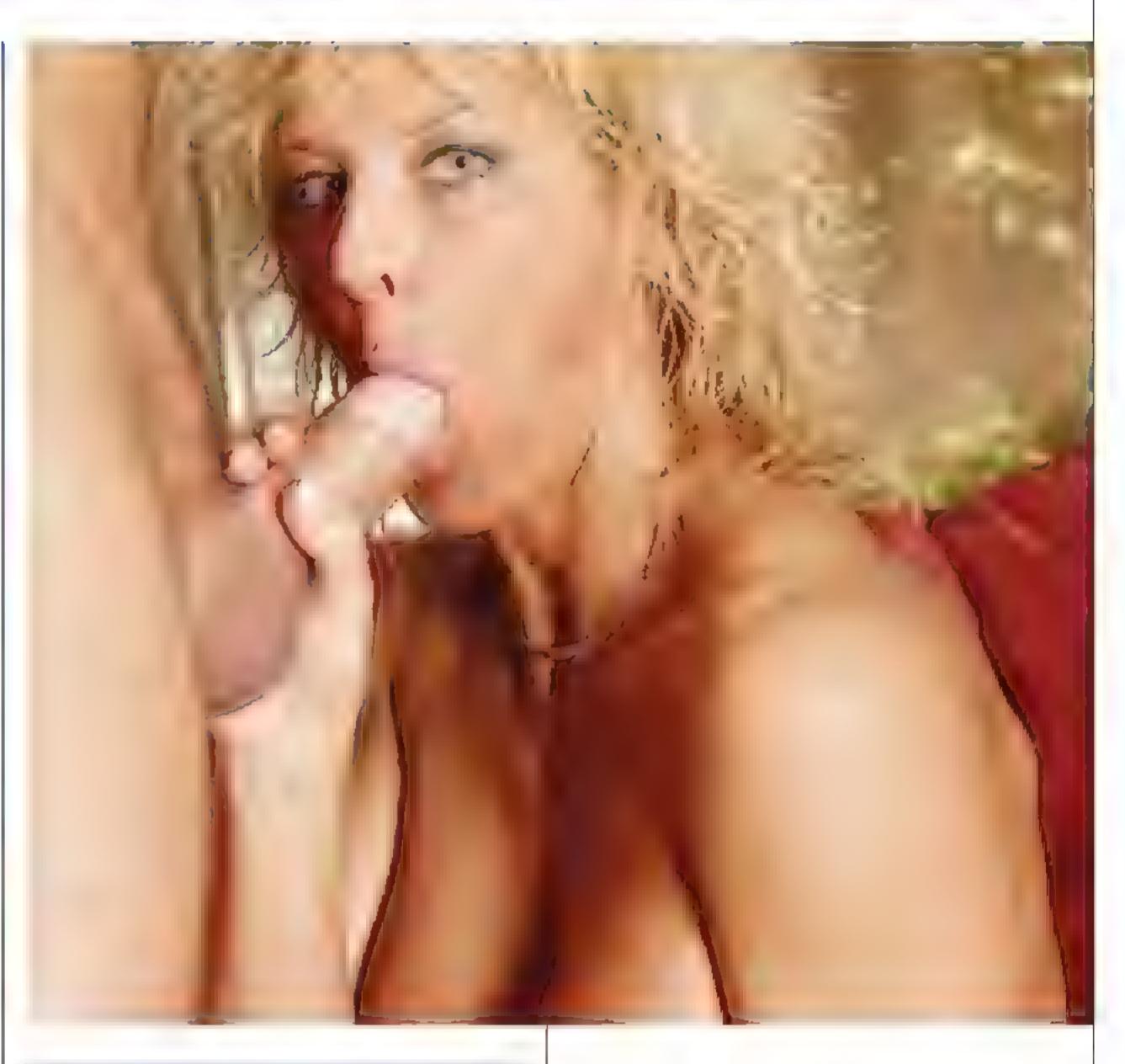
We approached the desk and she flashed her VIP passenger card. I didn't have one, I'd never flown the fuckin' airline before.

"We want a room voucher," she said. "We're travelling together."

The blonde bimbo seemed impressed by the leggy woman's VIP card. "It's a suite," she said, "only we don't spring for the liquor cabinet."

"We won't be drinking," said my newfound friend, who took my arm and steered me out to the cab rank and told the driver where we were going.

On the way I looked at her again and again I liked what I was looking at. She had wonderfully springy, long hair that looked like it was half-mussed up. The sort of effect women pay hundreds of dollars to get. But her breasts were the "grabbers" as it were. They thrust like



WE WANT A ROOM VOUCHER

mighty twin footballs in her nicely-cut black trouser suit.

"My name's Kim, if that's what you're thinking," she said, "and I'm 48, single and not the marrying type."

I held out my hand. "Russell," I said, 35, and I'm single too."

We checked into the hotel — or, rather, she did. I didn't mind that, bossy women I don't mind, 'specially when I

know I'm gonna fuck them.

Upstairs in the room we put our things in the wardrobe, all classy like, no grabbing, no pawing.

"Make me a whisky sour while I'm freshening up," she said, pointing to the liquor cabinet.

"I though you told the airline clerk we wouldn't be drinking," I smiled.

"I lied," she said, no smile. I shrugged and made two whiskey sours.

When they were ready, I stripped naked, hung up my suit and sat on the large double bed, propped up by pillows. My cock was erect in anticipation, which

meant it was pointing its eight inches plus to the fuckin' ceiling.

Then Kim was back, her even looking even more mussed and sexier than ever. She was wearing a shiny black satin bra, and the upper mounds of her big breasts were golden glowing orbs. She was in black high heels but nothing at her crotch. She shaved there, but for a narrow, fair-haired landing strip. Her labia looked lush and lickable.

She walked to the side of the bed, glanced down at my stiff cock, with its thick, uncut head, murmured "Nice, Russell, very nice" and then she swung a still-shod foot over my torso and settled, kneeling on the bed.

Then, as she pushed her pussy into my face, she reached to the bedside table and sipped on her whisky sour. I sipped on her minge, which was wet, musky and tasted great. She writhed on me a little, then sighed as I drove my tongue into her cunt. "Lovely," she whispered, "but now go to the clit, I'll cum quickly. Then, when I've finished my drink, you can fuck me." Still the bossy type, see?

Not that I minded, she had an aromatic minge and she moved nicely on my mouth. Soon I was flicking at her erect little clitoris and soon my oral exertions paid off and she panted "Yeah, Russell, that's good, I'm cummin', yeahhhhh!" and she came on me, finished off her whiskey sour and shifted her crotch from my face until it was aimed directly above my stiffy.

She reached down, placed my cock head at her outer cunt lips, then sat on me, her tight cunt pulling my foreskin down my shaft to the ring. I reached up, unclipped her black brassiere and her big breasts tumbled free. I pulled her upper body towards me and licked at her erected nipples. Then I started to suck at them, hard, and fuck me if she didn't cum on me again!

Kim was still moaning and going on about "Wow, two orgasms" or something like that, but I wanted to be in charge



now — enough of her cumming on me, it was my turn for fuck's sake!

I grabbed her buttocks — and a lovely, grabbable lump of flesh that was, too — and rolled over until I was on top of her, and then I started to give her a nice, slow, steady tempo hump. Like I said, she was a nice, tight fuck and soon her grabbing vaginal muscles were squeezing on my erection and then, like I know she wanted, she started to milk me and my jizz erupted in one long, hot explosion into her cunt.

I rolled off her and kissed her on the mouth — our very first mouth-to-mouth kiss, believe it or not! "Wanna refill?" I asked.

"Cum or whiskey sour?" she grinned.

"Either, or, take your pick," I said, not being able to top that.

"Let's make it the whiskey sour first, while your body works on replenishing the cum," she said. So I mixed two more whiskey sours.

We sank the drinks, then I was ready to fuck again. So was she.

At the end, before we turned out the light, Kim told me: "Russell, you're possibly the best fuck I've had in years. Wanna make this a permanent arrangement?"

I leaned down and kissed her great breasts, concentrating on the stiffening nipples, and before you could say "Fuck" my cock was straining upwards again and I was pushing it into her velvetsmooth cunt.

"Thought you said you weren't the marryin' kind?" I reminded her.

Kim smiled softly. "Well," she confessed, "I may have lied about that, too!"

-Russell Dubois











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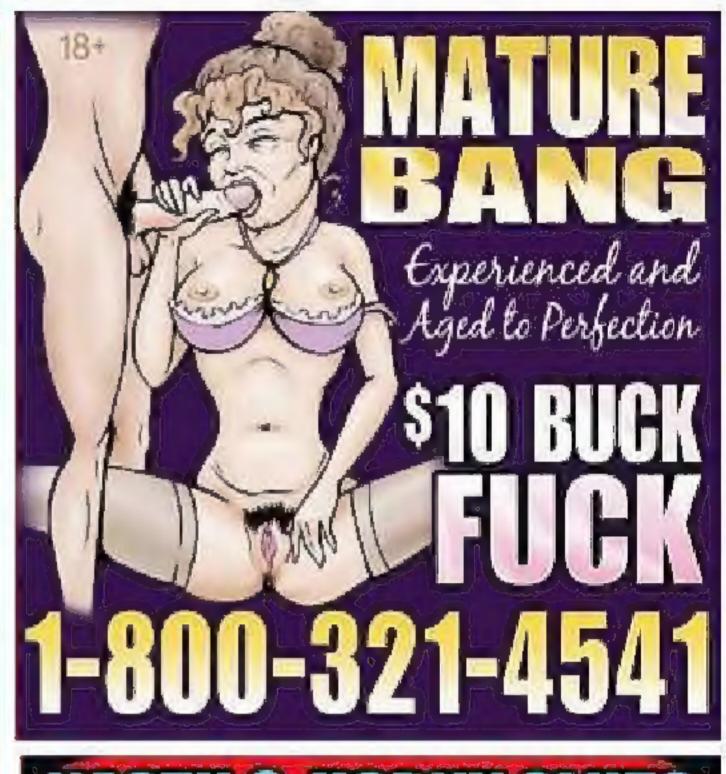




















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Older women? What about wiser, wilder, wanton women? Because I'm quite prepared to admit that I have every intention of becoming a dirty old woman. Of course I use the word "dirty" rather loosely. I suppose what I really mean is that I expect to still be interested in all things sexual (and essentially all things kinky) right to the bitter end! I've certainly become more passionate with age and more interested in experimentation. Don't get me wrong-I've always been highly sexed but it's only in recent years that I've developed the poise, the self-assurance, to be comfortable with my downright horniness! And while I still enjoy "vanilla sex", I enjoy even more exploring my naturally kinky nature and if it's with a man who's younger than me (sometimes CONSIDERABLY younger than me) then so much the better.

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